(Continued from page 1.)

...the same rights to colored people in ... and wh...

own over 20,000,000 acres of ... have built and paid for abo... houses; our property...

STRIKING A GUSHER

By GEORGE ELMER COBB.

When Jared Bliss took sick and the reports from the doctor looked gloomy and foreboding, his friends and relatives called once or twice and then left him to die. It had been ascertained that he was "all in," not only physically but in a financial sense.

"He's simply reaping the folly he sowed," sapiently observed his nephew, Walter Pope, forgetting that it was the liberality of the good old man that had originally started him in business.

Other selfish and ungrateful relatives echoed the sentiments of the ingrate, Pope. The man upon whom they had counted to enrich them when he was through with life had "wantonly thrown away his fortune!" He had given about half of it to charity. He had a hobby for antiques and became the victim of every unprincipled curio huckster. He was credulous, benevolent, unsophisticated. The stock jobber and the promoter had worked him to a finish.

Netta Lysle was an orphan and daughter of a half-sister of Bliss. The old man knew her, and when her mother died had seen to it that her child was bestowed in the care of the Pope family. They had made Netta work for what they gave her. One Christmas Jared Bliss had given her a pretty watch and chain. Its inner case bore a photograph of her mother, and she had always cherished the gift.

Feeling kindly as she always did towards all humanity, Netta was shocked at the petty meanness of the Pope family when sickness and ill fortune overtook the artless kind hearted old man. She realized that he was practically deserted. One morning she appeared down stairs with her few possessions packed in a satchel.

"I am going away, Aunt Martha," she said simply.

"When? Where? Why?" challenged Mrs. Pope.

"Right now, to Mr. Bliss, because he must need some one to take care of him in his sickness."

"Folly! Why, he has no money! Do you want to starve to death with him?"

"I won't let him starve while I am able to work," declared Netta.

"This is simple nonsense!" insisted Aunt Martha. "So, Netta, if you leave

"I Found This Among the Rubbish."

this house on any foolhardy errand you need not come back again."

"You have been very kind to me, Aunt Martha," replied Netta, "but I feel it my duty to go to Uncle Jared."

Netta found Mr. Bliss hobbling about his home scarcely able to get around. He listened gravely as she told him she had come to be his housekeeper until he got well. The place was in a state of great neglect and disorder. The piano, the books and some of the furniture had been seized and carted away to satisfy a debt and most of the rooms were bare and cheerless looking.

Before night the industrious Netta had Uncle Jared so comfortable and well fed that he began to cheer up magically.

"You are going to get well very fast," she declared the next morning. "Now I am going to clean house."

It was when she had removed all the rubbish that littered the place, swept it into one room and dusted and put in order the rest of the house, that she told Uncle Jared that he must look over the mass of papers and sort out what was of value.

"You'll find nothing amounting to anything," he observed. "They've taken all the books, old coins and pictures that would sell. I'll go over the mess, though, to please you," but he soon got tired of sorting out the stuff.

Then Netta took a hand. She came to the old man somewhat later with a legal looking document.

"Uncle Jared," she said, "I found this amongst the rubbish. It is a deed, it seems. It tells about some land that you bought."

"Well! Well!" exclaimed the old man, as he glanced at the document, "I had actually forgotten all about it. I remember now, I bought the land, some forty acres, from a friend who paid a large price for it thinking it was oil land. He spent a fortune sinking wells but never found any oil. I took it off his hands to help him out."

A few days later Netta came to him again.

"I've been thinking about that land, Uncle Jared," she said. "It is right over the state line. It must have some value. Why, it would make a nice little farm. You say there is a house on it. Why couldn't we make a living there?"

"We?" repeated the old man. "You don't mean to say you'd bury yourself in that desolate spot?"

"Uncle Jared," replied Netta, "I am ... help take care of you just as ... will let me."

... nth later when Mr. ... going to ... themselves located ... long as you ... It was in ... It was just a m... district ... Bliss and Netta foun... cated in their new home ... the midst of an oil producing ... and the landscape was not very inviting.

The enterp... ...nd, however, that they cou... ...ough on the land to live co... and the outdoor life was ... for the old man. And the ... a new element into the lo... the loyal girl—love.

As handsome ... a young fellow as one wo... a day's journey came upo... He was superintendent at ... refineries. He met Netta in ... village near by and it was ... real love at first sight.

Ned Burton ... very helpful sort of a fellow ... he would come to the lit... help Netta and her uncle ... ds of work. There was no ... they had to have their dri... brought in barrels from ... miles away. To remedy t... eventful Saturday Ned arri... boring outfit to tap the gro... er. They had gone down ... feet and were still boring, ... man at the drill ran back, ... an explosion and then ... at showered up high into t...

"It's oil! ... to Ned. "Say, we've stru...

"A gus... ed his excited companio...

"Why, ... he mean?" faltered the surp...

"From ... ow of oil wells," replied N... astically, "I should say tha... has accidentally come in ... tune."

They ... of that when word that a ... trike had been made broug... and speculators flocking to the scene.

Before the week was out an operative company in the field made Mr. Bliss an offer of a fabulous amount for his forty acres. Uncle Jared did two things right away. The first was to purchase a lovely home in the village, the next to settle on his faithful little housekeeper one-half of his fortune.

And then—a wedding. They called the new home "Heart's Delight," because it sheltered three loving spirits who had known adversity and appreciated the new dawning prosperity with humble, grateful souls.

FAITHFUL FOR MANY YEARS

Great Clock in New York Courthouse Tower Has Given Time to Good and Bad Alike.

High in a courthouse tower in the greatest of our cities, a clock has given the time to several generations of men. By day, black hands on a white face are visible down the streets and avenues that radiate from the triangular courthouse which uplifts the tower and its timekeeper. That bland face in the sky starts the newsboy on his rounds with his sheaf of penny papers, and keeps tab on the loiterer leaning against the railing far below, or half-slumbering on the steps. Girls of the department stores, scurrying to work, glance up at the early morning face and slacken pace when the day still gives them a portion of grace. Motormen, chained to their schedules and clanging their way through the choked traffic, speed up their laden compartments, under threat of those ongoing hands.

By night the tower is a pillar of light, and time to a fractional minute can be read for a half mile. With a fire in its belly, the clock throws its beams into the naughty world of midnight, speeding the tardy lover, rebuking the roisterer who staggers past its base as it circles toward the new day. And soon it signals the corner tavern that the gracious evening is ended, and time is for turning out of doors the befuddled customer, mumbling in his cups.

It seems to those who have lived in sight of this sure-footed and lofty witness, that it would conduct their journey to the end. But, of late, workmen have been tinkering with its stately process and have obscured it with their laths and timbers. From the ground clear to the summit of the tower has sprung a rude temporary structure of ladders and scaffolding which sprawls across the high red pillar in uneasy zigzag lines. The tangle of woodwork is as dense as a thicket, so that you can no longer read the face of time. All the unfailing witness is quite blotted out.—Harper's Weekly.

First Davy Safety Lamp.

January 9, 1816, saw in the deeps of an English coal mine near Newcastle a little drama in which there were but two actors, the one a clergyman, the other a miner. The latter was busily picking out the coal by the light of a "steel-mill" when he saw approaching him a light. The miner knew the gassy nature of the pit and shouted, "Put out the light!" but no notice was taken even when prayers took the place of oaths. The newcomer was Rev. John Hodgson, rector of Jarrow, and he had in his hand the first Davy safety lamp, now safely housed in the Museum of Practical Geology in Jermyn street, London. Sir Humphrey Davy, when urged to patent it, replied: "It might undoubtedly enable me to put four horses in my carriage, but what could it avail me to have it said that Sir Humphrey drives his carriage and four bought at the expense of miners' lives?"

Titled Bounders.

Eva Tanguay, the actress, was congratulated at Jack's in New York upon her recent marriage.

"It's a love match, too," said Miss Tanguay. "It's not the sort of match that our young heiresses make with titled bounders. The average titled bounder, if he told the truth, would, when he proposed to a young heiress, make a speech like this:

"'Miss Golde—Lotta—I love you for your pelf alone.'"

Danger.

The proud father who tells his young hopeful that some day he may be president had better not let the boy find out that the president gets only three weeks' vacation.

Bargains.

Apropos of a railroad property that had been sold at a ruinously high price, a statistician said: "It takes two to make a bargain, but only one of them gets it."

AFRO-AMERICAN CULLINGS

When Alonzo Steele died in Texas a year or two ago the last white man who fought in the battle of San Jacinto passed away, writes Frank Putnam.

A few days ago W. P. Zuber, who, as a boy of sixteen, was with the Texas army at San Jacinto, but did not bear arms in the fight, died at his Texas home. He was on hospital duty during the fighting. He was the last survivor of all the white men present on that occasion, but it is not wholly clear that he was the last survivor.

It is likely that honor belongs to an ancient darkey, believed to have been Sam Houston's body servant, who still lives in or near Houston. The old man's story is accepted by the oldest residents, sons, some of them, of men who fought at San Jacinto, and more familiar than any one else with the history of that affair.

The passing of the last white survivor of San Jacinto directs attention to one of the most extraordinary pages of all history. San Jacinto ranks next after the battle of Saratoga and Gettysburg among the decisive battles fought on this continent.

Saratoga proved the British could not subdue their revolting American colonists; Gettysburg determined the fate of the Confederacy; San Jacinto pushed the American rule southward from a vast region on the Pacific coast and from an inland region including all of Texas, with parts of New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado and Wyoming.

The battle of San Jacinto was in character unique. It was won with the bowie knife against odds of three to one; won by undisciplined plainsmen opposing Santa Anna's best drilled and best equipped regiments.

It was the only battle in which the lesser army lured the greater into a position from which there was no escape for either except by death or victory. Houston, retreating before Santa Anna, led him into a region bounded by swamps and marshes on two sides, with a wide, deep bayou on another and a narrow bayou, branch of the first, on the fourth side.

Houston backed into his position and Santa Anna followed. Then Houston burned the bridge across the narrow bayou, the only entrance or exit of the theater of battle.

A whirlwind campaign was carried on by the colored people of Philadelphia to raise enough of the money pledged last year toward a colored Y. M. C. A. to make the $15,000 originally asked of them. It was announced at a meeting of the board of directirs of the Y. M. C. A. that the choice of location had narrowed down to two lots, on both of which they have options. The money for the lot is already in bank, and when a decision is made it will be bought at once. An architect accompanied a special committee to Indianapolis to study the new colored Y. M. C. A. that has recently been erected there and is considered one of the most complete in the country. It is expected the building will be well under way early in the summer.

The building will contain a gymnasium, swimming pool, etc. It will have educational features and be a social center for the colored men of the city. It will also provide a hotel for the better class of colored people who are passing through the city and now have no accommodations.

Of the 2,273,000 illiterates 617,000 are native whites, including both those of native, foreign and mixed parentage; 879,000 are negroes and 738,000 are immigrants. There are interesting and encouraging points with regard to the two latter classes. The negro illiterates seem to be a large number. But it represents a decrease of 157,999 during the decade, while the total of that population shows an increase of 398,000. The illiterate negroes are almost wholly located in the south, where they are not permitted to vote and are decreasing there.

In 1894 the total forest area of Switzerland was 2,091,000 acres, representing 20.2 per cent. of the total surface area of the country. In 1911 the forest acreage was 2,258,000, equal to 21.86 per cent. of the total area of the country, an increase of 167,000 acres. Instead of being an expense, the forests of Switzerland are a source of profit to the government.

Most of the widows of Paris are remarried within 18 months of their first bereavement.

The colored men's branch of the Y. M. C. A. of Indianapolis closed its observance of health week. The state exhibit placed in the lobby of the Y. M. C. A. was studied by hundreds of persons. A special lecture was given each evening in the auditorium of the building, to which the public was invited. A large number heard Dr. I. N. Hurty deliver an illustrated lecture. Doctor Atkins and Dr. L. A. Lewis lectured Friday evening to men only.

A man is, indeed, ignorant if he is ignorant of his own ignorance.

After a careful investigation of the facts, I am convinced that every day in the year there are as many as 200,000 people of my race who are sick enough to be incapacitated for work, writes Booker T. Washington. Other persons have estimated the number of negroes who are sick all the time to be as high as 450,000. If these figures are correct, it means that on the average every member of my race spends annually 18 days in bed, in the hospital, suffering pain or recuperating from sickness that might be spent in some form of wholesome enjoyment or in useful and efficient labor.

It is safe to say, on the same basis, that every day in the year there are 112,000 negro workers idle, as result of sickness, who would otherwise be at work in some form of useful employment. This is a great loss not only to the negro, but it is a great loss to the country. It has been estimated that in the south alone there is a net loss to the negro in earnings and to the community as a whole in productive labor of $40,000,000 a year.

"This immense loss is not due to the physical weakness of the negro race. I have frequently heard it said that the negro, as he lived in Africa, was more vigorous and more robust than any other race on earth. He had to be so to stand the climate. Even today one will seldom find among any race of people finer specimens of physical manhood than the sturdy, unspolled people of the negro race in the country districts of the south. These people are an asset to the country and to the south, and it seems to me that it is the duty of every patriotic citizen to do what he can to conserve the life and health of this portion of the population in the condition in which it now is.

Boston people who are deeply interested in the work that Dr. Booker T. Washington is doing at Tuskegee turned out in numbers to hear him at Trinity church, where he told the story of Tuskegee's progress during the last year. Dr. Washington has just come from the south on his annual visit to Boston. Owing to the generosity of thousands of Tuskegee's friends Dr. Washington has been able to give more of his time to the administrative work of the institution year after year. One of the great problems now is that of training specialists in varied lines of southern work, particularly those of education and agriculture. Just before Dr. Washington left Tuskegee 26 county superintendents of education from various counties in Alabama spent a part of two days at Tuskegee with the idea of getting information and plans for their work among the colored children. The influence which Tuskegee is exerting as a strictly educational force is rightly gratifying to the trustees. Furthermore, Tuskegee cannot begin to supply the demand for farm leaders. The boll weevil has convinced the southern planters that they must take up diversified farming in order to make their lands pay. Bankers and merchants are also vitally interested in the training of these agriculturists and many prizes are being offered. Dr. Washington told his Boston audience about the greatest year the institution ever had and the possibilities of splendid advances in the near future.

Many a man punctures his tire on the road to wealth.

The United Layman's evangelistic campaign was one of the largest religious efforts that has been attempted by the colored people of Indianapolis. Rev. S. L. Howard of Nashville, Tenn., conducted the meetings. Special meetings for boys were held several afternoons during the week. The series of meetings closed with a united church service under the direction of the Interdenominational Ministers' association, Sunday evening, March 1.

The state of Hyderabad, located about midway between Madras and Bombay, in the south central part of India, with a population of about 13,500,000 (about equal to that of New York and Massachusetts combined), and with an area of 82,698 square miles (just about the same area as Kansas), is, generally speaking, the most important native state in India in population, wealth and potential resources.

Co-operative stores, owned and managed by natives, are fostered wherever possible in Alaska by the United States bureau of education, which has charge of education for the natives of Alaska.

Theodore Harris, colored, whose funeral was held at Camden, N. J., recently, was one hundred and eleven years old when he died, according to war department records. He was born on the eastern shore of Maryland, February 13, 1803. Harris was a veteran of the Civil war and received a pension.

In Greece the minister of education has opened negotiations for the installation of 4,000 natural color moving picture machines, with supplies of films, for use in the state schools.

You Are Person of Influence.

"We are, all of us, whether young or old, famous or obscure, women of influence. We cannot live a day without affecting the world somewhat for good or ill, whether we will or not.

"We are all a part of life's forces, whether we know it or not. Be as humble as you like, you are still a person of influence, if not by your own choosing, then often by God's decree. It may be only a smile or a simple kindness that you have given to a little child, but it starts agencies you little dream of; or it may be some selfishness and lack of honor, some weakness in you that sets in motion a long train of hurtful and sad influences or circumstances. For all life is connected, and whether you wish it or not your life affects other lives."—Woman's Home Companion.

Truth About It.

Many a man who is credited with being wise enough to keep silent, is really growing deaf—but won't acknowledge it.

TO GET PERFECT CHOCOLATE

One Way Recommended Is to Mix It With Sugar Before Cooking—When Cocoa Is Used.

If you have difficulty in cooking chocolate with any liquid so that it is smooth and without lumps, try always mixing the chocolate with sugar before cooking it.

For hot chocolate, for instance, shave the chocolate, melt it, add sugar, let the sugar melt and then add milk and water.

For chocolate sauce for puddings and ice cream melt the chocolate—in a double boiler, of course, so that it will not burn—add sugar, melt that, and then add the water. One recipe for this sort of sauce says to melt the sugar in the water and to boil them together for ten minutes, then to add them to the melted chocolate. But it is better to melt the chocolate, add half the sugar, boil the rest of the sugar with the water for ten minutes, and then add this syrup to the sugar and chocolate. The sauce made in the first way is smooth if you use great care in mixing the syrup and the chocolate. Made in the second way it is practically sure to be smooth.

In many cases cocoa can be substituted for chocolate in cooking. In blanc mange, for instance, cocoa can be used. So can it be used for cake filling and for chocolate sauce. When it can be used it can be more easily mixed with other ingredients than chocolate, for it is part sugar.

RECIPE FOR PLANKED STEAK

Served With Duchess Potatoes It Is an Ideal Dish for Dinner or Luncheon.

Wipe, remove superfluous fat and parboil seven minutes a porterhouse or crosscut of the rump steak, cut one and three-fourths inches thick. Butter a plank and arrange a border of duchess potatoes close to edge, using a pastry bag and rose tube. Remove steak to plank, put in a hot oven and bake until steak is cooked and potatoes are browned. Spread steak with butter, sprinkle with salt, pepper and finely chopped parsley. Garnish top of steak with saute mushroom caps and put around steak at equal distances halves of small tomatoes saute in butter, and on top of each tomato a circular slice of cucumber. You can use potato balls, small onions, peas and carrots diced as a garnish.

Duchess Potatoes—To two cups hot riced potatoes add two tablespoons of butter, one-half teaspoon salt and yolks of three eggs slightly beaten. Shape, using pastry bag and tube. Brush over with beaten egg diluted with one teaspoon water.

Braised Beef and Carrots.

Select a nice piece of brisket or shoulder and have the butcher cut it into suitable pieces for serving, rejecting superfluous fat. Heat a little dripping or bacon fat in a kettle, toss in the meat and sear it quickly on all sides, than let it simmer until all the juices that have been liberated at first are absorbed again. Now see that the meat is actually browning, but do not let it scorch. Season with a grated onion, salt and pepper, then pour on enough hot water to make a nice brown gravy, almost covering the meat. Cover and let simmer about two hours, then add scraped carrots, sliced lengthwise, laying them on top. In about an hour everything should be tender. However, this depends somewhat on the age of the beef. When serving take up the carrots and place in center of plate, thicken gravy with a little dissolved flour, boil smooth, then pour around carrots.

French Grilled Oysters.

Procure large, fat oysters, the creamy looking kind. Drain and wipe on a soft cloth. Dust with salt and pepper. Have some melted butter in a large frying pan, drop in the oysters and fry briskly for a moment or so, simply to stiffen the oysters on each side, then quickly ararnge in a fine wire oyster broiler, and broil a light brown on both sides over a moderate fire. Place them on buttered toast, moistening a little with some of the heated liquor, then pour the butter from the frying pan over the oysters and serve with parsley and lemon quartered.

Stuffed Onions.

Stuffed onions give the paper bag enthusiast an opportunity to try a new dish. Parboil onions for 15 minutes. Drain and scoop out half the onion. Chop this and mix with sausage or ground meat (either raw or cooked). Season to taste and put back in the onion. Wrap each onion in tissue paper or a greased cookery bag and bake in a hot oven. Baste occasionally with hot water in which a little butter has been melted.

Table Linen Note.

Breakfast or luncheon cloths are now embroidered in colors to match the china used. Some of the gaily flowered sets in use at present suggest an appropriate embroidery design, while the china is an easy model for the woman who can do her own stamping.

For Burnt Pans.

To clean cooking utensils save your eggshells, and when you burn anything in your granite pans or anything sticks badly, use the eggshells to scour the pans. Take a bunch of shells and rub over the burned part and see how quickly all trace of burned food is removed.

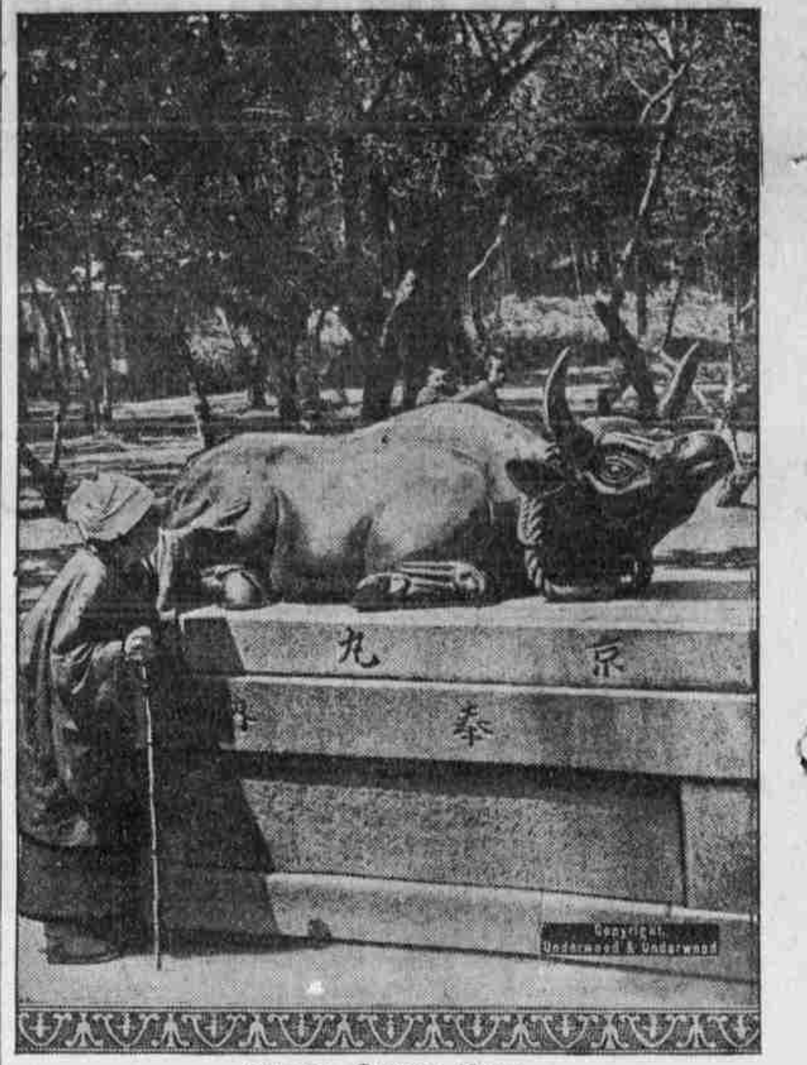
Making Orange Stick Handy.

Fasten the orange wood stick to the side of the washstand by a cord. Children are less likely to forget when the "cleaner" is handy, and the nails also clean more easily when the hands are moist.

Orange Sauce.

Cook one-half cup sugar with one tablespoonful rice flour and cup water; add one teaspoonful lemon juice, one-fourth cup orange juice and grated rind of one orange.

Modernizing Old Kyoto



TEMPLE GARDEN, KYOTO

KYOTO has long withstood the temptation of foreign architecture to mar or beautify or modernize. In Tokio these new buildings have gradually grown up, and the feudal gates and walls have long since disappeared. It is only as we are shut up in our new rubber tired, steel wheeled, coupe-like jinriksha that we fall to dreaming that we are once more being pulled in and out the old gateways into the outer inclosures of the palace. In those days the great spaces inclosed were used for parade or practice ground for the guards. Only a few foreign buildings were found there, writes Nellie Hall Clement in the Chicago Daily News.

As we rode about we could see just how the daimyo trains must have appeared in bygone days. Today there are, besides the great steel structure of the new central station, large office buildings of stone or brick, hotels, clubhouses, banks and, last but not least, the new Imperial theater. In this last mentioned beautiful place the only thing which reminded us that it was not in some European city was the attendance of Japanese young men and women at the stand at one side of the entrance where picture post cards of plays and players were on sale, and on the opposite side the flower hair pins and hair ornaments.

A favorite writer on Japan, who has given us such delightful descriptions of travel here, says of "Old Kyoto": "The situation was wisely chosen in a beautiful plain crossed by the Kamogawa and circled by wooded mountains. Even so Florence lies in the Tuscan hill, but there comparison ceases, for the view from Yaami's or Maruyama shows no Duomo, no Palazyo Vocchio, only a sea of low black, tiled roofs and here and there a mass of trees or a red temple, showing up, as LaFarge says, 'among the lesser houses.'"

But today the fascination is broken and we see a new building, the Daimaru department store, "showing up" above the trees and temples. We are glad, though, that the invader is such a fine structure.

I remember the great surprise which waited us in one of the old Japanese stores of Kyoto in 1908. After doing temples, palaces and parks, we went to see where the beautiful Kyoto dolls are made. The building was small, low and rambling, but even so it was the headquarters for dolls. We were ushered into one storeroom where thousands of the white cotton "bunnies" covered shelves and tables. On our inquiring, our guide informed us these were for exporting to the United States for the eastern trade. But that invasion was under the low Japanese roofs.

Daimaru boasts of "electric cable cash carriers," foreign reception room in green and white, two Japanese reception rooms, a room for entertainments with band stand at one end and a stage at the other, photograph studio, roof garden, and a children's playroom with latest good-time appliances from a Chicago house. Last but not least is a lunchroom, where tea, coffee or chocolate and foreign cakes are served, or, if you prefer, the daintiest of Japanese lunches.

It will not be long before we will only have dreams of the days when it took many hours for shopping. We went to the somber looking black buildings, entered amid the profound bows of the clerks sitting on the floor by their "hibachi." Tea was brought in, and finally, when we had made known our wants, off went the messenger boys to the storehouse and in course of time returned with goods from which our selection could be made. No one ever complained, however often he had to trot back and forth. To be in haste on our side would mean we were not the women of leisure who frequented such stores. As for the clerks, that was what they were there for!

When finally the purchases were made the clerk clapped his hands to call the attendant to bring writing box and paper. The ink was deliberately made "while we waited," our bill properly made out and stamped with the various seals, the goods partially done up (for no woman went shopping without her "bundle handkerchief" in those old days) and we took our departure with bows and "thank yous" from the whole staff.

Getting Used to It.

We are very glad of all these new and facilitating arrangements for shopping, because we are learning to "hustle" in the East. We are trying to adjust ourselves gracefully to the present, dodging the automobiles on our way, having our boots covered by overcloth shoes or slippers at the door, trading at counters, having our purchases registered on cash recorders, being jostled and pushed (politely) at the special sale tables and hearing telephone bells on this side and that.

We are glad to get off by ourselves in the quiet tea and rest rooms and think things out. Did we really mind because up in the lunchroom a group of kindly country people stood about our table to see us eating with chopsticks? It was embarrassing when we could not succeed as well as we generally did just on account of our self-consciousness. What does all this mean to these country people who have come in to see the sights of the metropolis? We love their kindly friendly curiosity and courtesy. Yes, we are happy and contented in the new but more so that we have had our share of experience in the Japan of the old days.

Growing Children and Study.

As soon as a child begins to grow rapidly all intellectual exertion should be checked. Such is the theory which Dr. C. Mercier, an English authority on children, expresses in an article in the London Lancet. Especially when there is any family tendency to nervous or mental disorder, rapidly growing children should be withdrawn from school altogether until the period of rapid growth is over.

Paris Plans Monument.

President Poincare received a delegation proposing to erect by 1920 a monument commemorative of the fiftieth year of the third French republic, which would be a companion piece to the Arc de Triomphe. It is proposed to erect the monument in the Place de La Defense. The design represents a Latin cross the four arms of which will form a terrace.

Kind of Man He Likes.

The best citizen we have in town, to my notion, is a fellow who comes around every week and pats me on the back and says: "Deacon, that was some great stuff you gave us last week. I think you are the smartest man in the county. I am for you for congress. We need more level-headed fellows like you." I despise the narrow fellow who sneaks off and tells the neighbors that the stuff is passing fair, but it is either old or all stolen. Don't you feel the same way about your neighbors?—Kansas City Star.

Longest Twelve-Word Telegram.

There were 450 competitors for the prize offered by an English journal for the longest 12-word telegram, and the winner put in the following, which was transmitted for 12 cents, the regular rate: "Administrator general's counterrevolutionary intercommunications uncircumstantiated. Quartermaster general's disproportionableness characteristically contradistinguished unconstitutionalists' incomprehensibilities."

Prolific River Nile.

It is believed that the river Nile contains more kinds of fish than any other river in the world.